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The old House at Cambridge.



As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality.

H.W. LONGFELLOW.

Half-way up
the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons
with its hands
From its case of
massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass
Forever-never! Never-forever!



The old clock on the stairs.



With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

H.W. LONGFELLOW



Cambridge
on the Charles.

River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at lenght thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

(To the river Charles, Longfellow)

O gift of God! O perfect day.
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

H W LONGFELLOW





Old Willow back of House.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.



When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale.
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale

H W LONGFELLOW


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